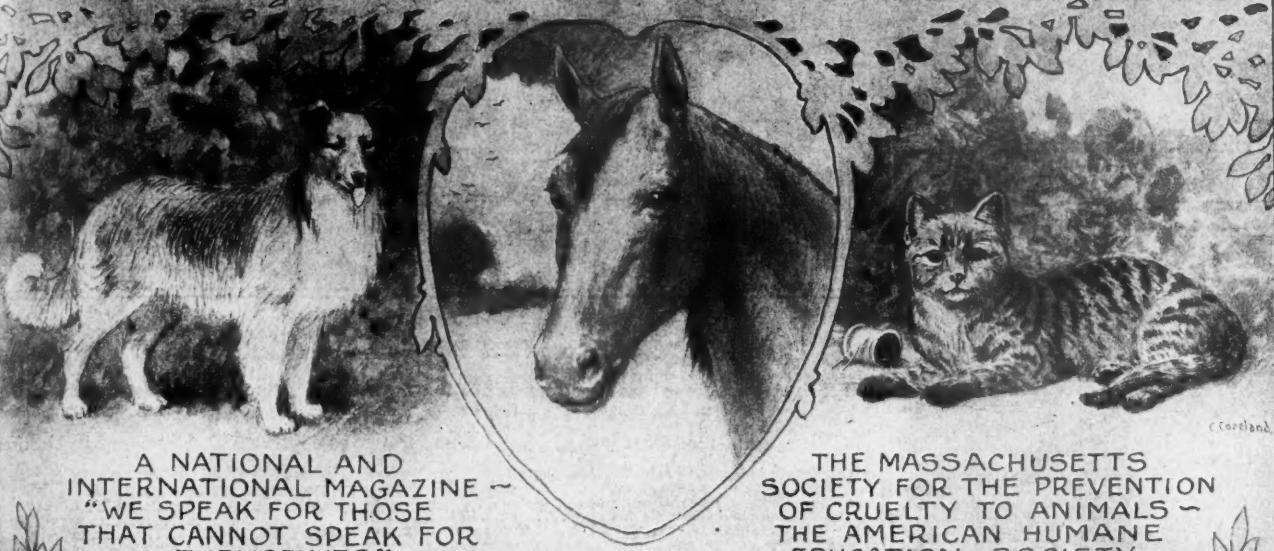


# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



C. Corrigan

A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~  
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THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

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SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 59

No.

2

JULY, 1926

Price 10

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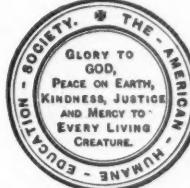
The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1918

Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Vol. 59

July, 1926

No. 2

TO bird lovers a rare opportunity for rest, recreation, and pleasure is offered in the plan of the Two Week Bird Camp under the leadership of Winthrop Packard, secretary of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, 66 Newbury Street, Boston. Write him for information.

UNDER the new Alaskan game law the taking or possessing of all wild animals and birds is prohibited, except in accord with regulations promulgated by the Secretary of Agriculture after conference with, or on recommendation of, the new Alaska Game Commission.

LOVERS of animals who are lovers of France have long been wondering how such a nation could make no advance in legislation for the protection of animals since the passage of the old Grammont law seventy-six years ago. In its day this law meant much. Today it is seventy-six years behind the times.

WITH the fraudulent sale of tubercular cattle the Chicago Packing Company was charged April 28 by the Department of Agriculture. Such is the statement of the Associated Press. To put a few dollars profit over against the public health is to lose what is worth many more in the estimation of the public.

FIVE hundred destructive caterpillars brought to their nest in one day by a pair of English sparrows, and 500 insects of various kinds brought by another pair to their young, entitle this much maligned little bird to our very high regard, according to Professor A. G. Ruggles, Minnesota Agricultural College entomologist.

THE suffering and destruction of a great multitude of birds and fishes from the oily ballast water discharged from ships, we hope is soon to cease. An English company has devised an oil-separating barge into which, moored alongside the vessel, the ballast water is received. As much as 200 tons of oil has been recovered, it is said, from one steamer. Here is an instance where business economy will co-operate with the humane societies in stopping a great evil.

## SOME OF THE COSTS OF THE LATE WHOLLY NEEDLESS AND INSANE BLUNDER

**I**N the *New York Times* for May 10, 1926, Mr. Oulahan's article on the late war, editorially commented upon by the *Times*, gives us the following:

Cost in money, \$80,000,000,000—eighty billion gold dollars.

Cost to the belligerents of Europe, \$70,000,000.

Cost to the United States, \$10,000,000,000.

For all European belligerents the equivalent of one-quarter of the national wealth.

For the European belligerent nations, 8,500,000 killed and wounded, to say nothing of the vast army of crippled and diseased.

The United States spent two and one-half times as much money in the war as on all of its previous wars.

During nineteen months of actual hostilities in which it was engaged, the United States disbursed 84 per cent of the total expenditures of the government from 1791 to 1916.

The *Times* editorial also says that the communistic experiment has cost more lives in Russia than the 8,500,000 killed in the war and that the standard of living in Russia is one-half lower than before the war.

It also says that with the enlarged means of destruction invented since the armistice, the next war would mean something beyond the power of one's imagination.

**A**GAIN we ask, why so many millions of dollars are spent for enforcing one amendment to the Constitution of the United States while other amendments affecting millions of our citizens are allowed to go wholly disregarded so far as meaning anything is concerned.

**A**JACK LONDON CLUB in Nantes, France, is reported in *La Protection des Animaux* as growing in numbers and doing excellent work. Let us hope its edicts may mean as much for animals as the famous one of Henry IV meant for the Huguenots.

Remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.

## A LETTER TO THE MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA

Won't You Write One Also? Even if Too Late

May 28, 1926

The Hon. W. Freeland Kendrick  
Mayor of Philadelphia

My dear Mayor Kendrick:

The more than five hundred humane societies of the United States and many, many thousands of citizens not members of these organizations, have learned with deep regret that there is a prospect of there being held in Philadelphia in connection with the Sesquicentennial what is known as a rodeo.

Against the cruelties inflicted upon animals in these exhibitions, which are not true to the earlier Western life of the ranches, and are exaggerated in many respects to produce the thrills which too many an audience desires, the humane organizations of the United States have been fighting a long and strenuous battle. These exhibitions have been denounced by the Parent-Teacher Associations of the country and condemned at their latest annual meeting in Atlanta, Georgia, and have aroused so much public opinion in the far West that, in Nebraska, Grant County, a great center of the cattle industry, has cut out the rodeo and substituted the county fair.

For Philadelphia to put its sanction upon this species of so-called amusement is to discourage thousands of humane workers in the West and to open the door in the East for a sport that England regarded as a disgrace and of which its courts have said they wanted no more.

We can well believe that under the inspection of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals the grosser forms of cruelty in these exhibitions will be eliminated. For all that, for Philadelphia to allow this type of wild west show will mean by its influence the undoing of years of hard and persistent work by the humane societies of the United States.

I am hoping that the protests that you are receiving are not arriving too late to be effective.

I am, in the interests of a great cause,

Most truly yours,  
FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

## CRUELTIES TROUBLE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE

### USELESS SACRIFICE AND EXPLOITATION OF ANIMALS CAUSE OF GROWING UNREST

THE Jack London Club continues to draw friends to its support. Over 365,000 have now responded.

**TERSELY** and rhythmically expressed the meaning of the Jack London Club is this:

'Tis yours to say emphatic No,  
Where cruelty is I will not go.

and for the words "No" and "go" you may also substitute "Nay" and "stay."

#### \$100 FINE FOR CRUELLY TRAPPING

**A** TRIAL JUSTICE in the town of Barre, Mass., recently found a defendant guilty of causing a dog to be tortured by being caught in a steel trap. Officer Robert L. Dyson of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. made the prosecution. The evidence showed that the dog had been held in the trap for about three days when, with toes mangled, bones crushed and part of the foot frozen, the animal came home dragging the trap, chain and other attachments with him. The dog, a valuable one, will be a cripple as long as he lives. For this cruelly defendant trapper was fined \$100. He appealed. Another charge of illegal trapping also confronted him.

#### BULL-FIGHT OPPOSED IN MANILA

**O**N April 29 Mrs. Marie von Piontkowski, president of the Philippine S. P. C. A., wrote to us: "I have had an exciting time lately combatting a bull-fight project, which was planned for the entertainment of Spanish flyers soon to arrive here. I think I have put a stop to it. The papers are all full of it, and the projectors still grumbling a little over it."

The exhibition was to have been held in Manila, May 2. Mrs. von Piontkowski sent vigorous protests to the press, in one of which she said: "A real bull-fight, with all its horrors, cannot take place in a country under the sovereignty of the United States, where we have an anti-cruelty ordinance for the protection of all animals."

#### NEW LEAGUE FAVORED

Dear Dr. Rowley:— New York City

Please accept my heartfelt congratulations for your starting the "No Furs League." This suits me so much better than all the farm furs in the world, though even these are an improvement on the steel trap. Please join my name to your lists. I have a fur coat (given to me when I knew nothing of such horrors), but I shall send it to the Eskimos or far north missionaries.

Please find check for seven dollars for vacation for a tired horse; later I shall try to send more. With best wishes,

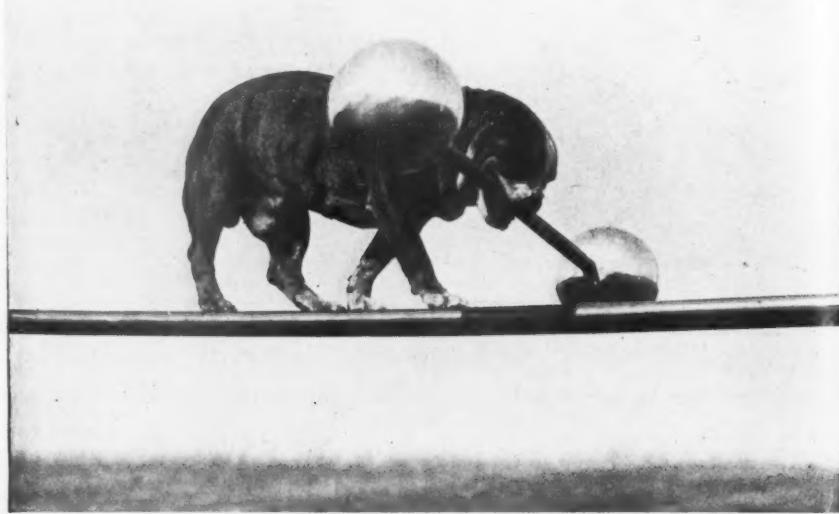
HELEN TAYLOR

#### Another Friend Writes

New Brunswick, N. J.

Dear Sir:—

I was very glad to see in your May publication, that a No Furs League has been started. The extravagant use of fur for mere decoration and vanity's sake has become almost intolerable to those who know of the cruelties of trapping fur-bearing animals. I have never worn fur for this reason and I am happy to feel that I can now co-operate with



International Newsreel

BETWEEN THE DOG, COMPELLED TO PERFORM THIS UNNATURAL STUNT, AND TRAINER, WHO LIVES ON THE PROCEEDS, WHICH IS THE "LOWER" ANIMAL?

others in protesting against the use of fur. I know from personal experience that attention and interest can be aroused by the simple refusal to wear fur. Please add my name to the membership of the No Furs League.

Sincerely yours,  
JOSEPHINE GRABAU

#### "CELL MATES, NOT FRIENDS"

**I**N the March issue of this magazine there appeared a signed article under the above heading in which the statement was made that in the Selig Zoo at the Luna Park Amusement Company, Los Angeles, California, a lioness and a dog were confined in the same cage, and from what the author said he saw, he was led to report that the management had been guilty of cruelty in placing these two together, that the dog appeared to have suffered wounds at the paws of the lioness and that it was in a sad and unhappy condition.

Evidence has come to us since the article appeared furnished by a representative of the Los Angeles Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a veterinarian, and the manager of the Department of Humane Treatment of Animals in the city of Los Angeles, flatly contradicting the author's statements and affirming that the lioness and the dog are very fond of each other, that the lioness whines when deprived of the dog's companionship, that the dog has opportunity every day to roam at will over the thirty-eight acres occupied by the zoo, and that there are no signs on the dog's body of wounds received from the lioness.

While holding to our conviction that the zoo, wherever located, stands for what we regard to be an injustice to wild animals, taking them from their native surroundings and confining them behind prison bars, we are glad to correct the statements made by the author of the article and to give what are evidently the real facts of the case as sent us by the authorities above mentioned.

#### "PROLONGED AGONY"

**I**N answer to a question relating to the trapping of wild animals and the wearing of furs, Dr. S. Parker Cadman recently made the following reply:

I am utterly opposed to the trapping of wild animals for this purpose. Any normal-minded woman who visualized the sufferings thus entailed would refuse to wear furs obtained by such abominable means.

What good they do the wearer on a tropical day is a mystery which the masculine mind does not attempt to unravel.

The contrast between the grotesqueness of such apparel in the hot days of August, and the blood-stained snows of December, where the wretched animal which furnished it was slowly tortured to death, should be made by sensitive minds.

Unfortunately, the demand of vanity is often more cruel than even that of necessity. If it must be met with skins, domesticated animals can at least be killed at once and do not have to die in prolonged agony.

#### THE NO FURS LEAGUE

**A**RE you in favor of restricting the use of the steel trap as a means of obtaining fur clothing and thus halting a vast amount of cruelty to animals? It can be abated! Here is an effectual method. By joining others in assenting to the following statement and sending your name to *Our Dumb Animals* you will render aid in the great movement:

HENCEFORTH, AS A PROTEST AGAINST THE CRUELTY INVOLVED IN THE CAPTURE OF FUR-BEARING ANIMALS BY THE STEEL TRAP, I WILL WEAR NO FURS.

## Commander Booth Owes Life to Her Dog

**C**OMMANDER Evangeline Booth, national leader of the Salvation Army, who is now seriously ill at her home in New York, said a few months ago in an address at the



LATE PORTRAIT OF COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH

Salvation Army headquarters that she owed her life to a police dog.

"Early one Saturday morning in February," she said, "I found myself awake, but peculiarly numb. There was a frightful pain in my side, and I experienced a strange sinking sensation. I tried to move, but I couldn't. I tried to call, but could utter no sound. For a moment I was in a panic. A vague sort of terror seized me, and then I recalled 'Mazie' was asleep by my bed. Mazie is a German police dog, a gift from a friend. I named her Mazie because her intelligence had proved to be so 'amazing.'

"I had trained her to respond to the slightest sound I might make. I merely snapped my almost limp fingers. Mazie was instantly on her feet, her front paws sprawled across my bed.

"Get Giddie," I whispered, referring to my faithful comrade, Major Mary Welsh. I had often told the dog to 'get Giddie,' and she had come to know the name. Instantly she leaped through to the other room and I could hear the Major admonishing the dog to keep still lest I be awakened; but the dog caused such a stir that Major Welsh knew something was wrong. She and several others in the household arose and gave me artificial respiration until the doctor came. After examining me the doctor said:

'Well, commander, I think you probably owe your life to the dog this time. If you had been alone another ten minutes there is no telling what might have occurred.'

### BE KIND TO ANIMALS EDITORIALS

*The Chicago Evening Post and Fort Wayne News-Sentinel Win Prizes*

**T**HE American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals announce that the first prize of \$50 for the best editorial on Be Kind to Animals Week, to be printed in any periodical between March 1 and April 30, 1926, has been awarded to the *Chicago Evening Post*, for an editorial entitled "A Lesson in Kindness," by Paul R. Martin, which appeared in that newspaper, April 12. The second prize of \$25 has been given to the *News-Sentinel*, Fort Wayne, Indiana, for an editorial beneath a Be Kind to Animals Week cartoon, by A. K. Remmel, Editor, which appeared in that newspaper, April 10.

More than fifty editorials in newspapers from Lubec, Maine, to San Diego, California, and from Hamilton, Ontario, to Key West, Florida, were considered by the judges in making the awards. The Editors of *Our Dumb Animals* called to their assistance Mr. William Dana Orcutt of Boston, a well-known literary man and familiar with modern editorial newspaper writing, in judging the editorials.

Never before has it been harder than now to account for the animal suffering in the universe, but never before has our duty in regard to it been more clear and imperative.

From "The Animal's Magna Charta"



"MAZIE," GERMAN POLICE DOG, OWNED BY COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH

### DO ANIMALS LIKE MUSIC?

RUBY DENTON

**I**t is a well-known fact that some animals are very fond of music, while others are exceedingly particular as to the instruments played in their presence. Lions have been found to listen with marked attention to the piano. They appreciate the top and middle notes, but begin to roar terribly when the bass notes are struck loudly. Tigers cannot endure the shrill notes of the fife. Scientific experiments have been made that show that the ears of the tiger are much more sensitive than those of human beings, and that sharpened instruments irritate the sensitive organs of hearing.

That is why people in the jungles of India and China have sometimes been able to save their lives by playing a fife or some similar instrument that they have happened to have along with them when attacked by a wild beast. The ferocious animal has appeared to forget all else but the irritation caused to the sensitive membrane of its ears, and has been more than willing to flee with all possible haste. In zoos, experiments have been made with various horns, fifes, and violins, and their effect upon the animals noted, the result being that all take rather kindly to the softer notes of the violin, but are much disturbed by the shrill tones of the harsher instruments.

It is a well-known fact that in those countries where oxen are used for labor they take great pleasure in the singing of their driver. They work better at the plow when stirred by a cheerful song. It is also customary for the Arabs to sing to their camels during long journeys across the desert.

Once Benjamin Franklin told a story which would indicate that donkeys are fond of music. It seems that the mistress of a certain house where he visited had an excellent voice, and every time she began to sing, a donkey, belonging to the estate, came near the window and listened with the greatest attention. One day, while she was playing a piece of music which apparently pleased the donkey more than any he had heard before, the animal without ceremony entered the room and showed its joy and delight by braying with all its might.

Horses are particularly sensitive to music, especially martial airs. In 1892 a regiment was making a military test march. When the music started a young horse, ridden by a captain, hastened forward and placed itself in spite of its rider, behind the last rank of the musicians. Then it followed peacefully, giving obvious signs of pleasure. When the music ceased the captain was able to resume his place at the head of his company. But when the band struck up again the horse galloped ahead, and once more placed itself behind the musicians.

It has been noted from time immemorial that canary birds, and certain other birds, will often start singing when they hear either vocal or instrumental music. But it was left for an Italian composer to discover that cats are particularly sensitive to music. He owned a cat which loved to walk on the keys of the piano, and struck certain notes in preference to others. The composer took these notes as the theme of one of his fugues, naming it the "cat fugue."

Several members of the monkey family have been found to delight in music, both vocal and instrumental.

## The Fearless Kingbird

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photographs by the Author

**T**HE kingbird is not only a common, widely distributed bird, but one that is rather well known. It is, on the whole, a spectacular bird, very much in evidence from the time it arrives in the spring until it leaves in the fall. It is a good-sized bird, eight and one-half inches long, which, because of its white underparts, makes a splendid showing. Then, too, it is always more or less noisy, chattering away during much of the day.

It is no doubt due to their aversion to hawks and crows that kingbirds are best known. Who has not admired the pluck of a pair of these birds when they have successfully driven a hawk or band of crows from the vicinity of the tree or nook they consider their own! The kingbird is, on the whole, a popular bird for the reason that it does those things that appeal to the hero worship side of our natures. It is at their nesting-time that kingbirds are most likely to war on larger birds, since they do all in their power to protect their nests, eggs, and young. When nesting they not only drive off hawks and crows, but some other birds and small animals as well. And they also do a good deal of scolding and chattering if a person gets near the nest. Still they are far from as aggressive as some other birds when a human being visits them.

Kingbirds, when driving off hawks and crows, usually attack by twos. One bird flies above the intruder, then dives for its back. Meanwhile the other bird flies to a point of vantage and in turn makes a darting attack, perhaps alighting on the enemy's back if it gets a good chance, where it is able to strike it at will. The hawk or crow naturally defends itself as best it can and usually loses no time in making for other parts. The kingbirds give up the chase only when well satisfied that they have taught the enemy a thing or two and that it is far enough off to suit them.

Kingbirds belong to the flycatcher family of birds, being closely related to the crested flycatcher, the wood pewee, phoebe, chebec, and Arkansas kingbird—birds many of which possess the same pugnacious and fearless dis-

positions. It is not likely to be confused with any other bird unless it be with the Arkansas kingbird, which is not only a little larger and more western bird, but also has notes that are quite different. Then, too, it has a white bar across the end of the tail instead of at the sides, as is the case with the Arkansas kingbird.

Flycatchers live mainly, if not wholly, on insects which they catch on the wing, perching on branches, posts, tall weeds, and other points of vantage while waiting for their prey. When an insect flies within reach it is caught by a darting flight, a snap of the bird's bill indicating the precise moment at which the insect is caught. No argument should be necessary to convince anyone of the usefulness of our flycatchers. Kingbirds usually nest in farming regions, avoiding cities as well as heavily forested areas. In other words, they live where they are able to do the most good. When nesting near farmyards, they tend to protect poultry from the ravages of certain hawks, the blue darters, or true chicken hawks.

I have often watched kingbirds in pursuit of insects able to fly and dodge well. The chase then always proves an exciting one, the birds twisting, turning, doubling and otherwise maneuvering in order to keep right at the heels of the intended victim. A snap and a right-about-face, often at a considerable height, then indicates the final outcome of the chase.

Kingbirds are sometimes to be seen twisting, turning, fairly looping the loop, tumbling, and shooting off in one direction and then another, meanwhile screeching as though some mortal enemy had them by the throat. It may be that this sometimes is but an unusual chase. Still I am inclined to think that they often do it to rid themselves of surplus energy. They feel so full of life and energy that they go through these aerial gymnastic exercises purely for the fun of it. Perhaps at times it is a means of display corresponding to the strutting of turkey cocks.

The kingbird builds a bulky nest, usually on the branch of a tree quite far from the

ground. But it sometimes builds nearer the ground, on the trunk of a bent-over tree, the top of a fence post, or other place. The nest is made of leaves, twigs, rootlets, string, paper, rags, and grass. It is a shallow affair, with thick walls and bottom. Likely as not strings, strips of paper, and rags dangle from it, making it an untidy affair. The four or five eggs are white, spotted with brown.

### THE NIGHTINGALE

**A**N exchange, in an article taken from "The Blue Lion," by Robert Lynd, has these striking paragraphs concerning the song of the nightingale:

There is no other piece of bird-music like it. The repetition of the same note dwelt on as it is uttered and repeated with ever-increasing force, as if played on a violin by a man of genius—is it any wonder that the poets have heard in it all the beauty of lamentation?

Then the flute takes its place, and there is a pause, as if waiting for an answering bird. Then it is as if its whole frame were shaken with song, and notes pour out almost too tumultuous in their sweetness for so tiny a bosom.

As we stood in the darkness of the road the nightingale sang in a thicket of maple and elder a yard or two above our heads; and, if we spoke, he would but give the dark bushes a louder voice.

### WOOD SONG

**I HEARD** a wood thrush in the dusk  
Twirl three notes and make a star—  
My heart that walked with bitterness  
Came back from very far.

Three shining notes were all he had,  
And yet they made a starry call—  
I caught life back against my breast  
And kissed it, scars and all.

—SARA TEASDALE, in "Love Songs"

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.



KINGBIRDS ATTRACTED BY SIMPLE BIRD-BATH



NEST AND YOUNG OF COMMON KINGBIRD

## RISKED LIFE TO SAVE HORSE

**H**OW a Japanese groom risked his own life to win reprieve for the equine companion he had carried for three years, is told by Luther A. Huston, Universal Service staff correspondent, in the *San Diego (California) Union*, in these words:

It is a simple story, this tale of how Toshio Iwaki so loved the horse that he had groomed for years that he risked his own life to save that of his equine companion. Yet it is worth the telling.

Toshio Iwaki is in the Japanese army, a groom in the stables of the general staff. When he came to work in the stables three years ago a bay horse of no particular beauty or breeding was placed in his care.

During three years Iwaki came to love the horse. The horse loved Iwaki.

## Imitates Old Hero

But army horses must be young and vigorous, and Iwaki's pet was growing a little old. The army authorities decided the animal should be sold for killing, his hide to be tanned into leather, the rest of him to be consigned to a glue factory.

Iwaki grieved for his equine friend. He cast about for a way to save him from so ignominious an end. And he recalled how years ago Heikuro Magaki had gained fame immortal for himself and his horse by riding up and down the steps of Atago hill. If he could ride his horse up and down Atago hill, Iwaki thought, perhaps, the army authorities would not sell it to the glue factory. At any rate it was worth the trying.

The steps that ascend Atago hill, in Tokio, are ninety feet high and of almost ladder-like steepness. They are built of stone and the treads are narrow and slippery.

Iwaki knew his plan was fraught with danger. He was a groom, not a skilled equestrian. But he understood his horse and his horse understood him. On this strange bond of understanding between man and beast Iwaki staked the lives of himself and his mount.

So, one quiet Sunday morning, Iwaki and his horse arrived at the foot of Atago hill. With an ear cocked back for his master's bidding, the horse began, slowly and carefully, the perilous ascent. He reached the top without mishap and turned to face the far more hazardous descent.

Iwaki, knowing that his own poor skill was of little use, gave the horse his head and they started down. Once or twice the steel-shod hoofs slipped and horse and rider seemed about to plunge to certain death. Always, however, the horse regained his balance and proceeded even more cautiously to feel his way from step to step. Level ground was reached at last and a small band of breathless spectators gave horse and rider a cheer. Iwaki and his horse trotted back to the stables.

The ride was not in vain. Officers of the general staff heard of it. The prince regent was told. Orders were issued that the horse should be transferred to the army cavalry school. The shadow of the glue factory had been dissipated. Iwaki, of course, had to part with his horse, and he did so with tears. But he had saved the life of his equine chum and he was satisfied.

A simple tale—but worth the telling, for horse lovers everywhere will understand why Toshio Iwaki, most humble Japanese groom, risked his own life to save his horse from a fate unworthy so gallant a steed.

## A HOME OF FAMOUS HORSES

GEORGE BALLARD BOWERS

**M**ANY fascinating stories have been published of the old-age life of fire and police horses, of the steeds ridden into fame by our national heroes and generals, but little has been written of those sensitive thoroughbreds of the races once they have lost popular favor, or become too old or disabled.

What becomes of famous race horses once they have become too old or disabled, or have lost popular favor? I put that question to a California turfman. His answer was an invitation to his country home where I learned what had become of a large number of racers once nationally famous. Surrounding that country home were thousands of level acres cut up into paddocks with white fences and palatial stables in which lived seventy mares and stallions of the bluest blood, once national figures in the horse world. Some of them were so very old they could scarcely move about without assistance, but there they will continue in luxury until death through natural causes or through the humane agency of a veterinarian.

This home of famous horses is also a stock farm where recruits for the races are reared in luxury. Regardless of one's opinion of racing, because of its attendant vices, one cannot help being impressed with the cardinal virtue of this unusual stock farm—kindness to animals. The colts are reared as tenderly as babies, each is examined daily by a skilled veterinarian. The manager calls each animal by its name as if it were a human. Every groom is a horse lover. The groom, or laborer, who strikes a horse, is summarily dismissed. Whenever punishment is deemed necessary, it is administered under the personal direction of the superintendent, just as the head of any institution for humans might chastise a rebellious member. The manager stated that he frequently dismisses grooms on suspicion. Whenever he makes his rounds he can tell whether or not a horse has received unauthorized punishment; his knowledge of horse psychology makes that possible. At every turn the visitor is impressed with the firm kindness of the employees, no loud voices, no swearing, no threatening, no beating.

An evidence of the effect of kindness is seen in the yearlings—graceful, affectionate, and mischievous, too. The presence of a visitor in the paddocks is the signal for a wild scramble and he must guard well his pockets. Their eyes plead for a pat or sugar or cake or candy, and if these are not forthcoming there is a search. Inquisitive noses sniff around pockets and stealthy lips are likely to make way with anything not actually attached to the person of the visitor, and, sometimes, ending with a spiteful hair-pull. So mischievous and persistent are the colts that timid visitors appeal to the grooms to shoo them away like so many playful kittens.

## MY HORSE AND I

HELEN E. CRUM

*We took a trip the other day,  
My horse and I,  
Over the hills and far away,  
Under the sky.  
We traveled through the woods of May,  
Where wild birds fly.*

*We left the city far behind,  
My horse and I,  
We wandered where the wood paths wind,  
And green pines sigh.  
The wind of spring was soft and kind,  
The warm sun high.*

*We crossed a brook that rushed along  
Where shinners lie,  
And paused to hear the cardinal's song  
Under the sky,  
For friends are we the whole day long.  
My horse and I.*

## IF A HORSE COULD TALK

He would have many things to say when summer comes.

He would tell his driver that he feels the heat on a very warm day quite as much as if he could read a thermometer.

He would say,—“When the sun is hot and I am working, let me breathe once in a while in the shade of some house or tree; if you have to leave me on the street, leave me in the shade if possible. Anything upon my head, between my ears, to keep off the sun is bad for me if the air cannot circulate freely underneath it.”

He would talk of slippery streets, and the sensations of falling on cruel city cobblestones—the pressure of the load pushing him to the fall, the bruised knees and wrenched joints, and the feel of the driver's lash.

He would tell of the luxury of a fly net when at work and of a fly blanket when standing still in fly season, and of the boon to him of screens in the stable to keep out the insects that bite and sting.



THE GRACEFUL, AFFECTIONATE AND MISCHIEVOUS COLTS

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JULY, 1926

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### GOOD NEWS

**W**E learn from the *Animal World*, London, that the Belgian Government intends to bring forward a bill modeled on the Swiss enactment rendering compulsory stunning before bleeding of all animals killed for food. The Inspector General of Hygiene has been entrusted with the task of drawing up the measure. That the wisdom and humanity of such a law is already recognized in that country is evidenced in that in all the military slaughter-houses the Stahel apparatus has been introduced, which causes instant death, and this device is used in them even for killing all sheep and swine.

Some day this land of ours will find an enlightened public demanding the same sort of law. The Committee on Slaughter-house Reform in the United States believes that before this year ends it will have something to offer the great abattoirs of the country which, according to their agreement with the Committee, they will adopt. It seems incredible that in a land like this the same old methods are pursued which so many foreign countries have considered too cruel to be permitted longer.

### IT'S NO SINECURE

**I**MADE over forty talks, sometimes to a few children called together because their school had closed, to teachers and to committees of the Parent-Teacher Association, and at least thirty-seven to schools and mixed audiences. We were often on the road from early morning until after midnight." This is from a letter written us by one of our workers in humane education who spent some weeks in a section of a state where her message was practically a new one to the majority of her audiences. She also tells of protesting against the cruelties of a small circus in her city, sending out many letters to organizations throughout the state in places to be visited by the circus and urging similar protests. Few of our readers can appreciate the self-sacrificing and wonderful work being accomplished by the workers representing our American Humane Education Society throughout the United States. If the importance and positive value of what they are doing were realized, money for humane education would come to us in hundreds, where now it comes in units.

### THE RABBIT AND THE HUNTER

**F**EW of our readers know, we think, the extent to which rabbits are being bred for shipment into the several states that they may be released to furnish amusement for those who still enjoy the pleasure of killing for sport. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Pennsylvania are three states where this practice prevails, and doubtless it is true of others. One wonders whether the same danger may not exist by the introduction of these rabbits that has come to exist elsewhere, i.e., the multiplying of these little creatures till they become a positive peril, demanding government action for their extermination. In certain Western states they have become such a pest as to call forth the most strenuous and often cruel methods for their destruction. Overrunning the lands of people who never hunt, injuring growing garden and field crops—do they not present some very real objections to the practice? They certainly furnish another inducement to the boys licensed to hunt to cultivate the habit of killing creatures which never harmed them and which have no even chance to cope with the enemy who carries a gun. Whoever has shot a rabbit when suddenly it stops, sits up, and looks at him, knows well that only as he hardens his heart can he keep up the cruel sport. While in our schools the state, on one hand, cultivates the spirit of a generous and compassionate humanity, through its recognized authorities, on the other, it also sets the temptation before many of the boy pupils in these schools to engage in a pastime that dulls their finer sensibilities and lessens their regard for suffering.

### THE DOG BILL

**T**HE Bill before Congress for the exemption of dogs in the District of Columbia and our insular possessions, probably not to be reported, aroused a wide public interest and was supported and opposed vigorously by both groups appearing at the hearing. The calling of names is a poor sort of argument and when, according to reports, one Dr. John B. Nichols denounced all vivisectionists as fanatics, faddists, fakirs, and fools, he did far more to hurt his side of the question than to help it. There have been too many men and women of highest standing in the world of education, of intelligence, of literature, and even science who have protested against vivisection for such a statement as that of this Dr. Nichols to be more than a revelation of his own narrowness and ignorance. Petitions containing over 30,000 names, presented to the committee, gave eloquent testimony to the large place the dog holds in the hearts of men.

### NEW BOUND VOLUMES READY

**T**HE 1925 bound volumes of *Our Dumb Animals* were sold out several months ago. The new volume, containing the twelve numbers from June, 1925, to May, 1926, is now ready for delivery. It consists of 192 pages, with about 150 attractive illustrations, and is bound in a new style of blue cloth, with gilt lettering on the cover. This book, a humane library in itself, will be mailed to any address for \$1.25. Special terms for four or more copies to be placed in schools, libraries, etc. Address, *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

One hundred copies of this volume have been placed by the publishers in leading hotels and clubs in Boston and elsewhere.

### DR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

**D**R. HORNADAY is about to retire from the directorship of the New York Zoological Park. We have known Dr. Hornaday for many years, ever since our college days. Differing from him as to the value of Zoological Gardens or Parks because of our conviction that man has no right to take the creatures of the wild and shut them up behind prison bars even for the education or amusement of the public, we have always held him in the highest regard as sincere in his own convictions and, once animals were committed to his care, doing his utmost for their welfare and comfort. He has steadily maintained the injustice of any zoological garden in purchasing or accepting by gift any more animals than could be provided with such quarters as did not unnecessarily interfere with their health.

Beyond all this he has, with unfailing determination, contended against the wanton destruction of the world's wild life, seeing year by year the evidence of the fast-approaching extermination of many forms of it at the hands of big and little hunters. It has been said, and with truth, that while not opposing legitimate sport, as he called it, he always protested against that form of preservation of wild life that preserved it in order to kill it. Once he said, "I have been shocked by the accumulation of evidence showing that all over the country and Canada fully nine-tenths of our protective laws have practically been dictated by the killers of game, and that in all save a few instances the hunters have been exceedingly careful to provide open seasons for slaughter as long as any game remains."

Animal lovers do not always see their obligations to the animal world from the same point of view. None of us, however much we may have differed in certain respects from Dr. Hornaday, can do other than heartily recognize his notable services to animals in many fields where their welfare has been concerned. Not only is he known as a promoter of scientific knowledge with regard to animals, but the Montana National Bison Range, the Goat Mountain Park, the Wichita Bison Range, and the Snow Creek Game Preserve are the results of his activity. We trust that, though retiring from his present position, he has still many years of life before him.

### HUMANE AND WISE

**W**E hope it is true and that no steel trap ever catches them.—Richmond, Va. (Special Correspondence)—Detours for muskrats as well as for automobile drivers have to be built by the Virginia highway commission. Department officials gravely put their heads together and planned muskrat detours for 3.89 miles of the Richmond County approach to the Tappahannock Bridge.

This is no laughing matter to those engaged in road construction. In some sections of the state, near the swamps, muskrats have been known to wreck a fill by tunneling through. The little animals move along in definite paths and when they find obstructions they do not turn aside, but bore in. To meet this determined characteristic in the little fur bearers, the road men place eight-inch tiles through the fills at the point where the muskrats usually are found. They accept the changed conditions in good part and use the tiles instead of disturbing the road.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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#### MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated .....	861
Animals examined .....	4,572
Number of prosecutions .....	45
Number of convictions .....	39
Horses taken from work .....	130
Horses humanely put to sleep .....	86
Small animals humanely put to sleep .....	1,405
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected .....	44,329
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep .....	109

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges gifts during May of \$500 from the Newburyport S. P. C. A.; \$450 from the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.; \$100 each from Mrs. E. P. C., H. F., and C. E. R.; \$50 from Miss E. A. S., and \$25 each from C. H., L. H., C. C. P., W. A. R., Mr. and Mrs. W. L. H., Miss E. B., L. K. L., Mr. and Mrs. J. V. B. Jr., Mrs. S. S., and Mrs. W. H. C.

The American Humane Education Society acknowledges gifts of \$700 from two New York friends; \$150 from a Rhode Island friend; \$50 from Miss E. A. S.; and \$35 from Mrs. E. S. H.

June 8, 1926.

The summer months present an unusual opportunity to friends of horses to help overworked horses enjoy a real rest at the Nevins Farm, maintained by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. at Methuen. The sum of \$3.50 pays the expense of a week's vacation for some deserving horse. Checks for this purpose should be mailed to the Society at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

<b>Angell Memorial Animal Hospital</b>	
184 Longwood Avenue	Telephone, Regent 6100
<b>Veterinarians</b>	
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief	
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.	
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.S.	
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.	
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.	
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.	
<b>HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent</b>	
<b>FREE Dispensary for Animals</b>	
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.	
Advice for sick and injured animals.	

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MAY

Hospital	Free Dispensary		
Cases entered	687	Cases	1,630
Dogs	519	Dogs	1,299
Cats	146	Cats	306
Horses	13	Birds	13
Goats	3	Horses	7
Birds	2	Rabbit	1
Monkeys	2	Calf	1
Rabbits	2	Monkey	1
		Goat	1
		Squirrel	1
Operations	544		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15,	56,562		
Free Dispensary Cases		.....	86,478
Total .....		143,040	

#### THE WORK-HORSE PARADE

THE twenty-fourth annual parade of work-horses, conducted by the Boston Work-Horse Relief Association on Memorial Day, showed no lack of interest in this time-honored exhibition of the city's regular army of equine toilers. The long procession of sound-limbed, proudly stepping horses, representing scores of different industries, was viewed by thousands of spectators which filled the grandstand and lined the sidewalks on Commonwealth Avenue.

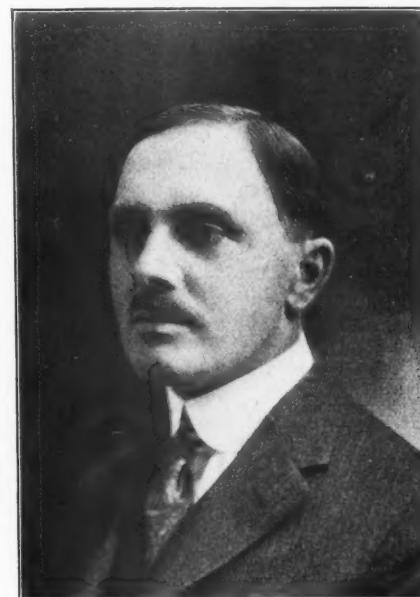
While there was some decrease in the number of entries over former occasions, the nearly 800 horses which passed the reviewing stand and received recognition and hearty rounds of applause, gave unmistakable proof of the importance of horse-power as a present factor in commercial and industrial life. Ribbons and service medals were awarded to horses entered in more than thirty classes and in many instances drivers received cash prizes. As usual, the old horse division attracted marked attention. In this class "Babe," a 25-year-old horse, was awarded the gold medal annually offered by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. The gold medal of the American Humane Education Society, awarded to the driver who has been longest in continuous service of present employer or his predecessor, was won by William C. Brown, who had worked for forty-six years for one concern.

Other features of the parade included ponies and dogs, which received a generous share of the honors. In the opinion of good judges the review was one of the best yet held and fully up to the high standard attained in former years.

ILL WILL, dislike, hate, whether the object of them be a person or a nation, are a perpetual discomfort; they come between us and all that is beautiful and happy. EARL GREY

#### OUR NEW TREASURER

THIS picture is taken from a photograph of Mr. Frederick M. Stearns, the new treasurer of our two Societies. Mr. Stearns is a native of New England, having been born in New Hampshire. For some years he found employment in Boston, then later became connected with business interests in New York,



FREDERICK M. STEARNS

holding important positions as assistant treasurer and treasurer of prominent financial organizations. His interest in humane work and his desire to be back once more in New England have led him to accept the office to which he was elected by our Directors, May 18. Mr. Stearns comes to us with the highest commendation from the corporations he has served, and we bespeak for him the confidence and good will of all our friends, members, and benefactors.

#### ANNUAL FAIR IN NOVEMBER

The annual Fair, under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, will be held in the Society's building, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, early next November. It is hoped that friends everywhere will make contributions of salable articles or of cash and send in good season to the treasurer, Mrs. A. J. Furbush, at this address. Particulars of the arrangements, with the exact date of the event, will be given in later issues of this periodical.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

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**Field Representative**

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

**LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS**

**O**UT in Los Angeles in the Macy School there has been formed an organization of children calling themselves by the above title. Here is their beautiful motto: "Hast thou named all the birds without a gun? Loved the wild rose and left it on the stem?"

**PHILADELPHIA HORSE PARADE**

**W**ITH 1,100 horses in line, the fifteenth annual Philadelphia Work-horse Parade, given under the joint auspices of the Auxiliary to the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. and the Commercial Horsemen's Club, exceeded in popular interest any of its predecessors. The exhibits ranged from the 2,000-pound grand champion to a tiny Shetland.

**FOR WHAT DO OUR TWO SOCIETIES STAND?**

For the prevention of cruelty to all animals and for the securing and enforcement of just legislation against those who wilfully ignore their rights and unjustly treat them; for the education of those who are to be the men and women of the future in the principles of justice and compassion to all sentient life.

These principles, established in character and finding expression in life's relationships, mean the end of race prejudice, of international suspicions and jealousies; they involve the preparation for peace instead of the preparation for war, and can only issue in the finest type of citizenship—that type of citizenship on which, and on which alone, can be built an enduring republic.

Into the fellowship of those who seek such ends can come all men of good-will whatever their color, their creed, or their country.

**WHO SHALL MEASURE THE INFLUENCE?**

**W**E have spoken in former issues of the hearty co-operation in humane education work given us by the Parent-Teacher Association. This great organization covering the entire country has opened to us most generously its various channels of communication with parents and teachers, and joined with us in emphasizing the vital importance of this subject. While on her way to the national meeting in Atlanta, Georgia (where she was given a place on the program), our representative, Mrs. J. R. Nichols of Tacoma, stopped in Kentucky and addressed the State Branch at Louisville. At this gathering the following resolution was passed:

*Whereas*, Character building is the objective of all child training, and

*Whereas*, a true sense of justice is one of the fundamentals to this end, and

*Whereas*, humane education is one of the cornerstones, in that it stimulates the noblest impulses of the heart and quickens the desire to treat with justice both man and beast, and

*Whereas*, the World Court is an expression of international humaneness, the perpetuity of which depends upon the education of our future citizens in the responsibility which will be theirs in holding inviolate its stability,

*Resolved*, that the Kentucky Branch of the National Congress, Parents and Teachers, in convention assembled, endorse the establishment of a Humane Education Department as an integral part of our state program, and that we recommend that each association appoint a chairman to work with said department.

Mrs. W. L. Settle, 1725 West Ninth Street, Owenstown, Ky., was appointed state chairman of humane education.

**MISS BLAFFER ILL IN PARIS**

**T**HOSE who have followed the progress of humane work in Spain, since Miss Alva C. Blaffer of New Orleans went there to arouse interest, will learn with deep regret that for seven or eight months she has been seriously ill in Paris. Her brother writes, as late as May 9, that she is still a great sufferer, but in spite of her helpless condition, keeps in touch with the work in Spain. It is progressing admirably. A large home and clinic has been established for the stray dogs in Madrid. The Prince of Asturias will preside at the next meeting called to reform the bull-fight. The only large Protestant school in Seville has adopted humane literature for use in classes. Miss Blaffer is still at Centre Francaise de Medicine, Paris, where friends may communicate with her. Humane workers everywhere will profoundly regret, as she does, that she cannot yet tell when she can take up work again.

**DO YOU EVER THINK OF IT THIS WAY?**

**I**N an article on the zoo in the *Animals' Defender and Zoophilist*, the zoo is spoken of as a place of sadness. Those who know what these prison houses for once free animals mean can well understand the expression. The article says:

"The crowds at the Zoological Gardens do not, it is true, go there to enjoy the sight of animal misery, they are probably utterly unconscious of it."

"The band plays, the children ride on the old elephant, and everybody thinks the place a scene of innocent enjoyment and happiness; only a few realize the grim mockery of it all to the silent, hopeless prisoners in the cheerless cages."

"The evening closes in, the band packs up and departs, the fashionable folk drift away and go to their homes and their occasions without a thought of the poor creatures they leave behind."

"One more day of their endless misery departs, night settles down over their dens, and sorrow broods over one of the saddest places on earth for the humble creatures of God."

Should we not, when we take our children to the zoo, impress upon them the truth that, though the animals are there for the supposed amusement, pleasure, and, possibly, education of people, it means a sad and weary and life-long imprisonment for them?

**ALICE JEAN CLEATOR**

**R**EADERS familiar with the contributions in these columns from Miss Alice Jean Cleator will be grieved to learn that she passed away on April 27, after an illness of several weeks, at her late home in East Claridon, Ohio. The editor of *Our Dumb Animals* and other delegates to the humane convention at Toledo last fall had the pleasure of meeting Miss Cleator there. Her humane writings both in prose and verse were sincere and luminous, some of them having been widely reprinted. She was especially interested in the prevention of cruelty in connection with trained animal acts.

**TREE IN MEMORY OF DR. CONWELL**

**I**N honor of a great humanitarian, Dr. Russell H. Conwell, the Humane Education Society of Pennsylvania planted a Norway maple at the Samaritan Hospital, Philadelphia, on May Day. Dr. Conwell, who was pastor of the Baptist Temple, founded both the hospital and Temple University, to which he gave the many thousands of dollars received through his well-known lecture, "Acres of Diamonds." Mrs. Charles L. Brown, president of the society, arranged a fine program. Chief among the speakers was United States Senator George Wharton Pepper, who made an eloquent address.

## SCHOOL POSTERS FOR SPAIN

HERE is an opportunity for Societies with a surplus of prize school poster designs to help the cause of humane education in Spain. Señor Joaquin Juliá, secretary of the Federacion Ibérica de Sociedades Protectoras de Animales y Plantas, Alcalá Galiano 5, Madrid, Spain, is planning to observe Be Kind to Animals Week in that country during the first week of next October. He wishes to have an exhibition of as large a number of posters as possible, at the Círculo de Bellas Artes in Madrid, and requests that packages of such posters be sent to him, by parcel post, at the address given above.

Señor Juliá reports having held a very successful essay competition among school children, but that he met with disappointment in an attempted prize poster contest, as the children were familiar only with drawings referring to shooting parties or to bull-fights. He says it is hard for his country suddenly to understand what the phrase "Be kind to animals" really means. Hence his desire to show posters made in English-speaking countries as an object lesson to the pupils in Spanish schools.

## MIGRATION GUESTS

JUDITH BASKERVILLE

ONE spring, down at my home in southwest Missouri, I witnessed an interesting and thrilling incident. On Mother's Day morning I was standing by an open window when suddenly from somewhere near by came a joyous sweet warble. In a moment I caught sight of the singer. It was a rose-breasted grosbeak. Perched on a limb of an elm, he was giving life and beauty to a drizzly day. Never before had I seen, nor heard, this bird in our locality.

By the time I was over my surprise, a strange thing happened. A flock of about thirty rose-breasted grosbeaks, all males, dropped in and settled among the branches of an elm in my yard. The splendid coats of black and white, the rosy breasts against the green background, provided a scene so fascinating that I have a vivid picture of it still. This event was indelibly impressed upon my mind because this was the only time I had ever seen a rose-breasted grosbeak in this locality, and also because before I had never seen more than one at a time. As soon as the drizzling rain slackened, I watched closely. They would fly from one limb to another, come to the ground, then back to the branches. They chattered to each other as if trying to decide what their next move ought to be. Then they would fly away and after awhile return.

The day following dawned clear, but remarkably cool for the middle of May. On this day the females arrived, approximately just as many as there were males. No doubt the males came in advance to pick out an inviting place and be ready to give them a friendly welcome. Their favorite spot was around an elm with low spreading branches.

On the whole, the birds seemed to lose some of their natural shyness. Perhaps numbers gave them assurance. Or it may be because several of us who were bird lovers observed from the inside. At any rate they dispensed melody freely. They acted satisfied and happy, just as if they were ready to start nest building. We timed them. After playing around exactly ten days, the entire company traveled on.

## HOW BEES TALK

RUBY DENTON

AT last, after a great deal of scientific investigation, Dr. Karl von Frisch, a noted German entomologist, has discovered how bees talk. They communicate with one another by their feet. In talking, they do not touch one another, but deliver their message by a nimble movement of their feet, which we would call a kind of dance.

The method the scientist used in his research is as interesting almost as the discovery itself. The doctor first built several hives entirely of glass, so that he could see exactly what was going on in them. He made small doors to these hives in order to let the bees in and out as he wished. He placed the hives on one side of his garden, on the opposite side of which was a small patch of clover in bloom. Then, between the hives and the clover patch, he built a screen maze, or labyrinth, a place full of intricate passageways which covered the entire garden.

This done, he lifted up a small door of one of the hives, letting one bee out. With some very bright red coloring material he painted a red cross upon the back of this bee, so that he would be able to distinguish it from the rest. He then released the marked bee to travel through the network of passages in search of food. It went on its journey, baffled at times by enclosures and blind alleys, but it kept on and on, retracing its steps time after time, until it finally succeeded in reaching the clover patch at the corner of the garden.

After it had gathered a load of nectar, it flew quickly back through the elaborate channels to the glass hive, where Dr. Frisch opened the little door and let the wanderer in. The scientist kept his eye on the marked bee in the glass hive by means of a large magnifying glass resembling a reading glass. It was then that the entomologist received the surprise of his life. The bee with the red cross moved its feet and wings up and down in a peculiar rhythmic fashion, and no sooner had it made this movement than all the other bees around it went through exactly the same antics.

Shortly afterward, Dr. Frisch opened the hive. The bee with the brilliant red cross on its back came out, followed by a host of other workers. The marked bee, continuing to lead the way, took the other bees to the clover patch without any difficulty. And from that

time on, all the bees could traverse the intricate maze without going into a blind alley or losing any time. Through further observation, Dr. Frisch learned that bees have different movements and act in different ways, according to the story they wish to tell. When angry, for instance, they move in a peculiar zigzag fashion.

Still further study and observation revealed that the bee does not work all the time, as was previously believed, but takes time for rest and play. So the bee, although it does not realize that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," instinctively carries out that idea. Nevertheless, when it works, it works with all its might. Only in war times do humans come near approaching the strenuous activities of the bee.

The bee often works both day and night, gathering the pollen and nectar during the daytime and helping to fan the nectar with its wings during the night, to make the sweet fluid thicker by evaporation. One good authority says that it takes twenty thousand bees to make a single pound of honey. It also takes five pounds of the sweet and precious nectar from the flowers to make one pound of honey. So, although the bee does not always work, in accordance with the latest scientific investigations, the phrase "busy as a bee" still retains its full significance.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

## FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).



REINDEER IN SIBERIA

## Every Dog Should Have A Boy

ELBERT ROBB ZARING

**T**HE last day of grace was drawing near. The decree had gone forth that every unattached dog should be confined in the public pound, and the pound had no door of exit. "Bim" had sensed the bad news and was bitterly ruing his cruel fate upon this particular morning when "Collie," clean and alert and with every mark of loving ownership, dashed across the street.

"What's become of your license?" was Collie's first question.

"Haven't any," replied Bim.

"Well, you know what's coming to you if you don't get one," continued Collie.

"I surely do. I'm on the lists all right. You see," continued Bim, "I have no boy at present, and how in the world is a dog to get along without a boy?"

"He can't," replied Collie. "You should see my boy; he's a prince. But tell me of your misfortune."

"I once had a master, Tommie; but when the family moved away about a year ago, they refused to let him take me along. He cried his heart out, but the old folks were set. The last afternoon we were together, he led me around to the back yard and patted and rubbed me and talked of the good times we had had together. The last half hour he spent with his arms about my neck, sobbing aloud until I licked the tears from his cheeks. 'Good-bye, Bim,' he repeated over and over again, and then ran back to the house. From that day to this I've been a bum, keeping off the principal streets, eating out of garbage cans, and always on the lookout for a boy who might want me for a chum. Once a pale-faced boy invited me home, took me through the front door into the presence of his parents and introduced me as his friend. One glance at my unkempt fur was enough to call forth a loud 'Get out of here!' from the man of the house and a suppressed scream from the mother, and I was kicked out upon the walk. As I moved off down the street I turned to see the pale face of the boy looking longingly after me."

"Well, that's too bad," remarked Collie. "You seem to have pretty good blood. Are you Airedale?"

"Not full; but I have the spirit of the Airedale. I want a boy, a master to tie to. I feel I will never be happy, nor will I be my real self until I find him. But I'm discouraged. If it weren't for parents, I might succeed. The pound for me. Good-bye, Collie," and into an alley our tramp dog turned, and none too soon, for the clean-up man passed immediately with his horrible dog-net.

It was cold, had been bitterly cold for days, and Bim had suffered from sleeping in the open and through necessity curtailing his fare. He had about concluded to move out of town and try a farm. If he could only find some farm boy who needed a dog he would be happy.

He had gotten to the edge of town when he drew near to a pond covered with children skating and sliding to their hearts' content on the clear icy surface. As Bim stood at a convenient distance, slowly wagging his tail and contemplating the scene of happiness, he imagined himself the companion of one of the boys, he wasn't particular which, for he had found all boys agreeable from the dog



standpoint and fit for nearest companionship.

Suddenly there was a scream from the center of the pond. The ice had begun to break up and the company scurried to the bank, all but one, a little fellow who had broken through was struggling near the center, clutching the edge of the ice only to have it break time and again. The children became panic-stricken and ran screaming toward the town. Bim saw all this. His ears were erect, his eyes afire. He sensed the danger; it was in him to sense danger. Something within told him a life was about to go out. He bounded with all speed and might to the pond's edge. Without delay he got to within a few feet of the fast weakening boy. There was only one thing to do and Bim did it. He leaped into the water, seized the boy by his coat-collar, and started to swim for the shore.

His burden was limp by this time and it was the task of a stronger dog than Bim, but he put the strength of three into that minute or two as he slowly towed his unconscious cargo toward the shore. The rough, jagged ice would not permit of a landing, and he was forced to stand at a depth that barely permitted him to keep the boy's head above water.

Soon he heard the voices of men hurrying across the field toward the pond. He could not bark to attract their attention, but held grimly onto his precious burden. At last the men came to the edge of the water. They did not see the pair at first, and the conclusion was hastily reached that they were too late. Then Bim's cry through his tightly shut teeth reached their ears. The father was the first to leap into the water and seize the poor boy. It was but the work of a moment to transfer him to the bank, where he was hurriedly bundled into a waiting car.

Bim, with greatest difficulty, reached the bank, and after two or three vigorous shakes, turned to move away. "Men!" exclaimed the father, "we are forgetting the dog that saved my boy. Someone must get him and bring him in another car. Get him quickly."

With much shouting and whistling they attracted Bim's attention, for he was well on his way countryward. He turned and waited until the car came up. In another moment the poor, half-frozen, almost famished dog was bundled into the car and in less than ten

minutes he was the center of a loving and adoring group. A warm pallet was made for him in the living room, milk, unskimmed and in abundance, was his for the drinking. Within the next hour at least a hundred people had patted him and said, "Brave doggie," "Good fellow," "You're a fine dog," "No human could have done better," etc., until Bim's heart swelled with gratitude.

Finally Walter's mother came from the bedroom and throwing her arms about Bim's neck smothered him with kisses and caresses and baby talk. He stood it all and was glad. He was then led into the bedroom and to Walter's side. The boy lay with eyes wide open, expecting him. Taking Bim's two paws and laying his cheek against the dog's cheek, he said, "Mother says I can keep you if you are willing to stay. And we will be chums forever. And I'm going to call you 'Hero,' for that's what you are. Will you stay?"

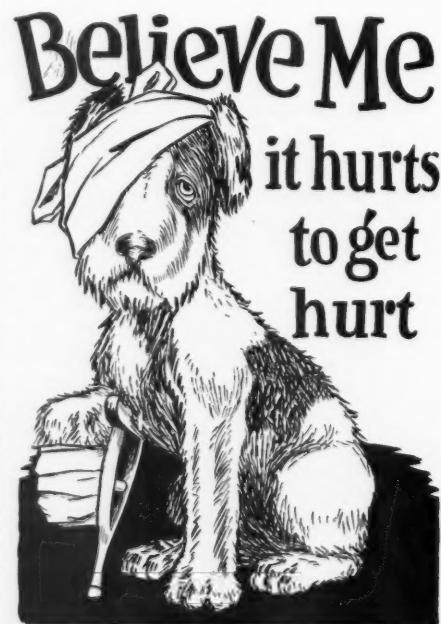
With all the power his lungs could muster, Hero let loose a series of deep barks that could have been heard a block away, and he sealed the pledge by kissing both hands.

He had found his boy.

### THE SWAN

HAWKS stir the blood like fiercely ringing bells  
Or far-off bugles;  
Even on their perches  
They are all latent fury and sheathed power;  
And peacocks trail the glory of the world.  
But calm, while calm, was born into a swan  
To float forever upon moon-smoothed waters;  
Cool placid breast against cool mirrored breast,  
And wings curved like great petals,  
And long throat  
Bent dreamingly  
To listen to the ripple  
That widens slowly in a tranquil arrow  
Reaching the shores, and lisping on the sand.

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH, in "Atlas and Beyond"



## OUR MOUSE

## A True Account

PEARL A. MAYNARD

**W**E have a mouse in our house! Nothing strange about that, you say! Ah! but we have also four cats. Stupid cats? Never! Our youngest alone caught twenty-seven field mice in the month of September



(and kindly note, in passing, that he has never yet caught a bird).

Four clever cats—therefore no mice, but The Mouse. He has been with us six years now, for he knows the limits of his domain; so he comes out only in one room and only after dark; and every mouse has his night.

Promptly each evening between nine and ten he appears for his supper, served under the radiator. You can hear him dragging the cracker or cake, or whatever figures on that night's menu, up the wall across the ceiling to his dining quarters in one corner of the attic.

In order that his repast may be obtained without unnecessary danger, the door to "Dad's room" is closed at dusk, with all the cats carefully excluded. If his supper is not to his liking he does not scruple to scramble up on the bed, trot along to the occupant's head, tickle his face with an impudent cold nose—even nibble gently. And, if that is not sufficient to call attention to his complaint, he has been known to pull that gentleman's hair or beard.

One tragic night the door was forgotten—there was a pounce upstairs! The family rushed in a body.

"Oh! the mouse! 'Crudie,' please drop the mouse!"

For, strolling through the upper hall, was our biggest pussy with a long slender tail hanging pathetically limp out of the jaws.

Crudie dropped the fat little mouthful; one grabbed up the cat and the mouse allowed himself to be picked up, to snuggle confidently down in the protecting hand. Would it be safe to let him back into his radiator hole, or might he die in the walls? He didn't seem to be bitten anywhere (Crud's age has deprived him of most of his teeth), so we put the captive down on the floor of his bedroom and watched him whisk into his hole.

At his next night's supper-time we all listened anxiously, and sure enough, there was the little patter over the sitting-room ceiling

and the pulling and tugging of the extra large piece of cake.

That was three years ago, and the mouse is still in perfect health. Once in a while he sticks just the end of his little nose out of the hole by the radiator pipe in the daylight, and wiggles it saucily to let the cats know that he is quite the wisest, as well as the happiest (and fattest) of mice.

## AN UNENVIABLE RECORD

**I**N South Merrimack, N. H., hidden away in the hills, is the home of the champion schoolgirl fox trapper of the Granite State. She is Lillian Eleanor Putnam, 14, who made a record of seven red foxes trapped during the past winter. A souvenir of her achievements is a beautiful necklace. The other pelts were sold and the proceeds, Lillian says, will be used in furthering her musical education in Boston schools. —*Boston Globe*

## THE MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT

FAY ADELE DAME

*Is it tune of breeze  
Among the trees,  
With a treble of fairy lute?  
Is it breath of bees  
Along the keys  
Of an elf's discarded flute?"*

*My friend, seek not so far away  
The witchery of that note,  
In some elusive elfin lay,—  
'Tis the Maryland yellow-throat.*

*O happy bird, with warble clear,  
From sheltering verdure rich,  
Thou sendest us a vibrant cheer  
Of "Witchety, witchety, witch!"*

*Is it golden gleam  
Of stray sunbeam  
On silver traced with jet?  
Is it winged dream,  
Though it would seem  
To linger with us yet?"*

*My friend, that flash of light and shade  
Seek not in realms remote;  
'Tis flitting now in yon green glade,—  
The Maryland yellow-throat.*

*O winsome bird, thy dainty song,  
With charm of baby's speech,  
From meadow reed thou pipest long,  
'Tis "Tweechy, tweechy, tweech!"*

*What is it there  
By the wild-rose fair,  
Like the flutter of all that's bright?  
Not a jewel rare,  
For it thrills the air  
With a strain of pure delight!"*

*More precious far than gem could be,  
That shape of varied coat,  
And blithesome, fleeting melody,—  
The Maryland yellow-throat*

*Gay olive bird, with dusky lore,  
In low elm bush astir,  
Thou callest, as from green tent door,  
"Which way, Sir? Which way, Sir?"  
Free rover, thou, and wouldest, in truth,  
Thy guidance offer me?  
Or dost thou mock? In very sooth  
I cannot follow thee.*

## EATING HABITS OF GOATS

L. E. EUBANKS

**W**HOCHEVER it was that first observed a goat mouthing a tin can must have believed in inference rather than fact; for he circulated the story that goats eat cans—a ridiculous libel that has persisted through the ages.

But the can-hunting goat cares no more for tin in its diet than you or I. What he is after is the taste of the paste beneath the labels. As a matter of fact, the goat is one of the very cleanest feeders of the live stock world. He will not eat hay or straw that has been underfoot nor kitchen scraps that have become the least bit tainted.

What Billy and Nanny like the best is delicate foliage, though when hungry they will eat brush of most any kind. Sheep are grass-eaters, consuming brush only when compelled by hunger to do so. If any grass at all is to be had they will leave the hazel, willow and other bushes entirely alone. But goats always prefer the green trees and shrub growth. And another interesting difference is that sheep never stand on the hind legs to eat, but a goat will do so, eating the foliage to a height of six feet or more.

Many, many goats suffer from monotony of diet, because of the ignorance of those who care for them. When left to his choice, this animal varies his diet a great deal; it is his nature. Another thing to remember in keeping a goat is the rock salt. Place a large lump where the animal can get to it when he desires.

Goats require drinking water only at distant intervals, and persons who are unacquainted with the nature and habits of these animals usually get the idea that something is wrong because they drink so seldom. Successful keepers of goats usually water them only two or three times a week—not oftener than every other day.

Good results in the feeding of any animal depend greatly on comfortable living quarters.



ANGORA GOAT

and this is particularly true with goats. Their shelter should be fairly warm, though ventilated, of course, and it must be dry at all times. Much dampness, and especially exposure to cold rains, will seriously affect the goat's health, and much standing in mud gives him a troublesome disease called "footrot." Care for a nanny goat properly and she will give you both pleasure and profit.

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
  2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
  4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Four hundred and ninety-two new Bands of Mercy were reported in May. Of these, 198 were in schools of Rhode Island; 82 in schools of Massachusetts; 59 in schools of Georgia; 54 in schools of Pennsylvania; 36 in schools of Texas; 23 in schools of Virginia; 17 in Canada; ten in schools of Tennessee; six in schools of Washington; two each in schools of Indiana and California; and one each in schools of Maine, New Jersey and Delaware.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society 156,535

### BANDS OF MERCY IN CALGARY

THROUGH the enthusiastic work of Mrs. Georgine M. Hampson of Calgary, Alberta, sixty Bands of Mercy, with a total membership of 800, were organized during March, April and May, in the public schools of that city. The children were greatly interested and their teachers cheerfully cooperated.

### PRIZES IN SAN DIEGO SCHOOLS

THROUGH the generosity of Miss Edith Latham of the Latham Foundation for the Promotion of Humane Education of Oakland, Calif., \$1,000 was made available for use in the public schools of San Diego. Of this amount \$750 was disbursed in May to 282 pupils for excellence in essay writing and poster-drawing. There were prizes for the three best essays on kindness to animals in the fifth and sixth grades of each school, and also in the junior and senior high schools. Poster prizes were awarded in the third and fourth grades of all the elementary schools.



THIS HAPPY FAMILY IS OWNED BY MRS. J. WATSON, YALESVILLE, CONN.

### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

MRS. NESTOR NOEL

BABY Brother was shrieking with delight, but his elder sister, Elsie, sent up scream after scream of horror. I knew the difference. Even though my hands were white with flour, and I was busy making puff pastry, I had to stop. Catching up a towel to wipe my hands, I ran into the garden.

"What is it all about?" I asked.

Baby Brother, two years old, held up a half dead butterfly. "Look, Mummy, how he wiggles!" he exclaimed, his eyes sparkling with joy.

Needless to say what my answer was as I carried the culprit to the house.

"Why do boys always want to hurt things?" asked six-year-old Elsie. "Poor butterfly!" Her own eyes were moist with tears.

Why, indeed, do boys love to hurt? You may pretend they do not do so. You may say nice, well-trained boys would not do so; but you cannot get away from the fact that a boy is more cruel than a girl. See the poor dog or cat with a tin can tied to its tail. Who did it, you ask? The answer you invariably get is, "Oh, some boys!"

Most boys are naturally cruel. This is a fact you have to face. You cannot neglect it if you have to deal with the training of boys.

In olden days men had to fight, in order to live. I suppose it is a trace of these times that still lives in the small boy and makes him cruel, naturally.

Put chivalry in the place of cruelty, teach the small child that he must be good to weak, helpless things, and never lose a chance to enforce this lesson. Go out of your way to teach it. If you see an animal in pain or a poor bird with a wounded wing, handle it tenderly and say to the boy: "What do you think we ought to do for this poor thing?"

See! You are asking the boy's advice. You do not need it, but that does not matter. You are appealing to something in his nature—to the stuff that makes heroes—and you should carry your point.

Show him, as he grows older, how heroes were always kind.

Tell him about Sir Philip Sydney and others. Every boy wants to be a hero! In this way you will plant seeds of kindness where cruelty would have been.

Whether at home, at the seashore, the country, or wherever you may be, spread the gospel of kindness to animals.



### THE DOG AND HIS RESCUER

ABOVE is a picture of a fine lad who jumped into the water of a pond and swam out to rescue the little dog which is seen at his feet. The dog had become exhausted and had twice gone down, and Hubert C. Eaton, of Westwood, Mass., was expert swimmer enough to go under the water, seize him and finally bring him to shore. Our Society, upon learning the facts and upon hearing from the principal of the school in Westwood, presented a medal as recognition of the brave and fine deed, at a gathering of the school on the ninth of June.

### "THERE'S NO NEED TO FEAR"

ISABEL VALLE

WHEN a cricket mutes his fiddle

At my step upon the grass,

Stops his playing in the middle

Just because I pass,—

And there's silence in the thickets—

It is strange he cannot hear

My heart cry out: "Birds and crickets!

There's no need to fear!"

### EDUCATION IN KINDNESS

ALL good people ought to be interested actively in the prevention of cruelty to animals, writes the editor of *Kind Words* (Southern Baptist Convention). But important as is the work of prevention, there is something far more important. It is all right to keep a cruel driver from beating unmercifully the beast of burden that is serving him, but it is much more important to put into the heart of that driver the spirit of mercy and of kindness toward the inferior creature at his command.

Particularly does this apply to boys and girls who in sport may torture animal pets without realizing the pain involved in their thoughtless action or the real baseness of character involved in the infliction of cruelty. If our children are correctly taught their right relationship to the animal world, they will always be kind and gentle toward animals, even when discipline or even death may be necessary.

To cultivate kindness of heart in a child is much more important than to protect a dumb animal from a fierce and cruel blow. And of course both deserve attention on the part of all right-thinking people.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## YOUR DOG

LINCOLN SONNTAG

**W**HENE'ER you feel a little blue  
And need a happy friend,  
Whene'er a fearsome noise or view  
Gives warning to defend,—  
Then call your dog that's ever near:  
He'll come with jump or wag,  
To help you like the volunteer  
Who's struggling for his flag.

His only hope's a meaty bone,  
A kindly look or pat;  
His bed may be a plank or stone  
If there's no sack or mat;  
His wants are few; his love is full;  
He'd follow you to death;  
His teeth are yours to tear or pull  
Until his final breath.

## MISS WILLARD'S ARISTOCRATIC PET

HETTY ROGERS

**F**RANCES WILLARD, founder of the World's Christian Temperance Union, was a lover of animals, and had a beautiful cat whose name was "Tootsie." He was a magnificent Angora, weighing twenty-four pounds. An aristocrat was Tootsie, the cherished pet of a famous woman. But Tootsie became famous in his own right, for he is known as the cat who raised \$2,000 for the temperance cause.

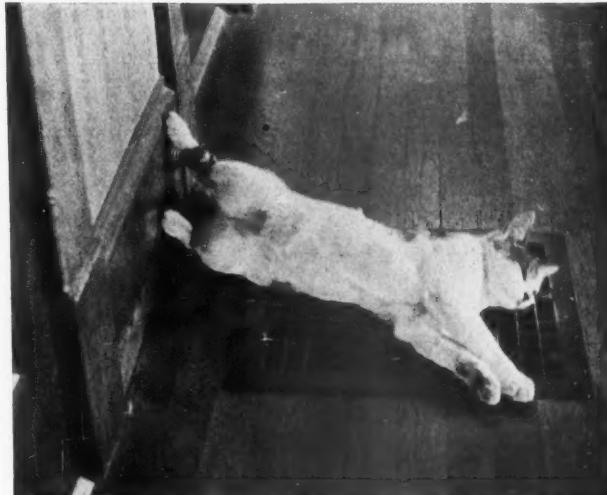
To Rest Cottage—the Willard home at Evanston, Illinois—Tootsie went when only a kitten and there he lived for some time, the pet of the household. He was a privileged character, even eating at the table with the family. He had his own chair and bib and his manners were said to be quite perfect. It was easy to notice his aristocratic and aesthetic tastes. He had the large full eyes of the thoroughbred, the superb curling tail and the long silky hair with the frill, or Lord Mayor's chain.

Finally Miss Willard's work took her abroad much of her time. When she was ready to go she took Tootsie in her arms and carried him to the Drexel Kennels in Chicago and asked their owner to admit him as one of her large cat family. The Kennels finally became his home; but he seemed endowed with the human quality of memory, for he never forgot his friends at Rest Cottage. No matter how long they stayed away he always went to them, at once, and gave them an affectionate recognition.

Often Miss Willard was away for more than a year at a time, but neither time nor change caused Tootsie to forget. As soon as he heard her voice he would run to her and climb upon her in great joy.

## DOGS OF ANCIENT EGYPT

**O**N the tomb of King Antifad, who lived at Thebes 3,800 B. C., are portraits of his four dogs, graven in stone with their names underneath, and each dog is seen wearing a collar. One resembles a foxhound; one has a curly tail and upright ears and was probably the house-dog; the third is a kind of mastiff; and the fourth is something like the modern Dalmatian dog.



"HEIDI" KNOWS A WARM SPOT WHEN HE SEES IT

Owned by Mrs. Walter S. Hamilton, Holyoke, Mass.

## ALMA'S PARTY

ELLEN C. LLORAS

**A**LMA was to have a birthday party the very next time she had a birthday. Mother had promised her that. Perhaps she was thinking about it on that afternoon when she was skipping about in the back yard with a big piece of whole-wheat bread, thickly buttered. She wasn't very hungry anyway, and, dropping the generous piece still uneaten, she went running around the house. It was a crisp, cold January day, so she came in and stood at the kitchen window looking out. "Oh, look, look, mother! Look, it's a party," she called excitedly.

It was, too; for a dozen or more hungry little birds had flown down where Alma dropped her bread and butter, and were picking up every crumb. They were darting about and chirping so merrily that it was just a good time all by itself to watch them. Alma clapped her hands and begged for more bread to feed to the birds.

"Why, yes, dear, you may have those stale scraps there in the little pan on the kitchen table," said mother.

Alma wanted to go out and feed the birds from her hand; but they hadn't learned how to play with little girls yet, and were too shy. But oh, how they did fly high, and dip down, and dart about, and chirp the good time they were having among themselves.

After that Alma carefully saved all the stale bread to crumble outside the kitchen window for the birds to come and pick it up. All through the cold months they came regularly.

Then in the long, hot summer days Alma had another kind of party for her birds. At the edge of the back yard stood an old stump, just where it was nicely shaded by a shed in the hottest part of the day. Mother set a pan in the hollow of this stump, and Alma would run out and fill it with water. And such fun as those birds did have, flirting and splashing about in the cool water! Alma is quite sure that her bird parties are just among the very nicest parties there are.

**"PETZ"—GLADSTONE'S FAVORITE DOG**

HETTY ROGERS

THE bond between man and dog is one that lasts as long as life. The story of "Greyfriars' Bobby" is well known; but there have been other dogs who mourned as Greyfriars' Bobby mourned and died as Greyfriars' Bobby died. From many countries and many literatures stories of faithful dogs have come to us, but none of them have been more pathetic and more affecting than that of "Petz"—Gladstone's favorite pet.

At his beautiful home at Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone always had several dogs who trotted after him in great glee, in all his walks, and slept at his feet as he studied and wrote. During the last nine years of his life, Petz, a black pomeranian, was his constant companion. He begged for his food from his master's hand; allowed no one to disturb him in his library; and when he thought his master had kept the horses waiting long enough, he would push his little cold nose against his hand as a gentle reminder that it was time to go. He was as happy as the days were long, and seemed to possess unusual good health and strength.

But a cloud darkened the companionship of "England's grand old man" and his beloved pet. Mr. Gladstone's health failed. Petz knew something was wrong; he could see it in his master's eyes. Finally Mr. Gladstone was ordered to Cannes, France, to spend the winter.

The castle was very quiet after Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone went away, and Petz was sent to the home of their daughter, Mrs. Drew, where he could romp and play with a little granddaughter; but with the going of his master, Petz's joyous, happy spirit seemed to have gone also. He pined for Mr. Gladstone. Again and again he ran back to Hawarden in search of him. He refused to eat and would not be comforted. Of course he did not know that death was soon to take his master, but he did know an uncontrollable desire to be at the side of this master, whose dog he would be to the last, in his heart of hearts.

Mr. Gladstone came home and Petz was taken back to Hawarden; but it was too late to save the faithful, broken-hearted pet—he died two days before his master. Beneath a great oak in the dog's cemetery on the estate Petz was buried. The headstone on his grave bears this inscription: "Petz. Born at Schwalbach, 1886; died at Hawarden, March 27, 1898. Mr. Gladstone's favorite dog. Faithful unto death."

There are a number of mounds in the little cemetery; a simple granite stone with an inscription over each of them. One dates back to 1878. Mosses and grasses have crept around the stones and some of the letters have become dim with age, but they still stand in the forgotten graveyard under the oak—silent reminders of Mr. Gladstone's love for his dogs.

THE enormous growth of armaments in Europe, the sense of insecurity and fear caused by them—it was these that made war inevitable. This is the truest reading of history and the lesson that the present should be learning from the past in the interest of future peace, the warning that should be handed on to those who come after us. EARL GREY



THE POLAR BEAR HAS RARE BATHING FACILITIES IN JULY

**SAVED DOG FROM CONCORD RIVER**

OUR attention has been called to the rescue of a dog from the Concord River, at Concord, Mass., by George Holden of Monument Square. But for Mr. Holden's willing and prompt efforts, the dog, which was a beautiful collie, undoubtedly would have drowned.

**EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL**

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

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The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

**ANNUAL HUMANE CONVENTION**

THE fiftieth annual meeting of the American Humane Association will be held in Portland, Oregon, August 23-26, 1926. An unusually interesting program is being arranged. Those who are fortunate enough to attend will be assured of a hearty welcome and generous hospitality from the Oregon Humane Society. An attractive excursion, leaving Chicago August 14, is being arranged by the American Express Company. Full particulars may be obtained from the American Humane Association, 80 Howard Street, Albany, N. Y.

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